

# Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1883.

NO. 168.

MONDAY will be Court-day at Carlisle.

The Cincinnati Exposition will close to-morrow.

The Madison grand jury has found 230 indictments.

There have been nine deaths in the village of Centerville, this year.

W. H. INGELS & Co. will offer bargains in velvets this coming week.

BARCLAY STEPHENS killed a dive-dipper Wednesday, with a walnut.

BROOKS & LYMAN are having their store neatly shelved and repaired.

A FLOATING saw-mill is doing up the saw-logs landing along the Ohio river.

Three inches of snow fell in the northern part of Franklin county, Vt., Saturday night.

WM. FRANK, brakeman on the C. & O., was killed by his head striking the top of Trip-lett Tunnel.

THOS. W. KEENE will appear in Macbeth, at the Lexington Opera House, Monday night next.

T. O. BASHFORD for shooting at Rick Thomas, was held over to await the action of the grand jury.

W. A. HILL has erected a handsome scroll over the grave of Jas. T. McCarney in the Paris cemetery.

YESTERDAY was Tennessee day at the Louisville Exposition, Gov. Bate and staff were in attendance.

A man in Scott county recently bought 13 family Bibles—one for each of his children—at \$15 per copy.

OSIAN EDWARDS sold his half interest in the livery business yesterday, to his partner, Mr. Cunningham.

W. H. INGELS & Co. have just received another large invoice of that 8% cent cotton—equal to Lamsdale.

The miners have reached a depth of 75 feet in the lead mine and are getting some very fine specimens of ore.

If you want to read this paper twice, read the *Kentuckian* supplement to-morrow, and the big paper next week.

It is reported that the Confederate Soldiers' Home, at Georgetown, has suspended for want of money to sustain it.

Mrs. AMERICA NICHOLS, of Millersburg, filed an application here yesterday for a divorce from her husband, W. H. Nichols.

RALPH PAXTON, youngest son of Dr. Paxton, of this city, fell from a tree Wednesday evening and broke both arms in two places each.

W. H. INGELS & Co. call special attention to their cloak department. They have all qualities and styles in cloth and silk at prices to astonish you for cash.

A MORAL, studious and deserving young man can find an opportunity of being taught the photographic art, by applying to Woodson Morgan, of this city.

CONDUCTOR Bob Martin has rented the Dr. McMillan property on Main street, for \$250, and Doc Fretwell has rented John Hanly's residence on High street, for \$350.

JOE WEAVER and three other drunken rascals were put out of Wm. Meyers' house Saturday night in Bracken county, when Weaver turned and shot Meyers dead.

A CHECK for \$80,000 was received by the Auditor of Public Accounts Wednesday from Sheriff J. D. Barbour of Jefferson county, on account of the State revenue due for 1883.

THE BOURBON NEWS is advocating the establishing of a free turnpike system in Bourbon. We second the motion. Let it take in the whole State.—[Mt. Sterling Sentinel.]

The agitation in Bourbon county will result in free toll on all her turnpikes. Free toll in Fayette county would do Lexington more good than a new railroad.—[Lexington Press.]

JUDGE HINES, of the Court of Appeals, has affirmed the sentence of Wm. Shackelford, who was sent to the penitentiary for life from Harlan county for killing Jno. G. Howard.

Tuesday night after the exercise meeting of the fire company, fireman W. O. Hite made a narrow escape from death. He was under the engine but his yells stopped the proceedings.

If you know anything about Stephen and Louisa Fugot, aged 70 or 80 years, inform Rev. J. A. French, Paris, Ky. He has a letter from Amherstburg, Ontario, asking for information.

THE Pittsburg Exposition building burned down Wednesday night, and everything in it was lost, including the rare relic in way of a locomotive, the first built in this country. Loss, \$2,600,000.

PETER BURNS, a brave fireman on a freight train, got out on the pilot of his locomotive and pushed a small child from the rail in front of a fast-running train on the down-grade near Shelbyville, Ky., on Sunday.

THE Maysville and Big Sandy Railroad now have a clear title to a right of way through this county. The road will undoubtedly be built and in operation before the close of next year.—[Maysville Republican.]

A MICHIGAN merchant got robbed of a check for \$5,000 in a "panel" house at 155 West 9th street, Cincinnati, Wednesday morning, but the police raided the institution and recovered the check and arrested the thieves.

A POET has threatened to bring some original home poetry to this office, because the *Kentuckian* refused to publish it. We hereby warn that poet if he or she brings that stuff to this office that the door will be shown him or her at once.

COL. WM. ROGERS was in the Confederate army instead of the Federal army as stated by this paper Tuesday, and Capt. Sam is under guard of the sheriff of Robertson county, at his home in Carlisle, instead of being at jail in Mt. Olivet.

A progenic freak took place in Abram Bear's family in Nicholas county several years ago, which has just been brought to light. One night his wife had twins, a mare had twin colts, a cow had twin calves, and a sow had five pair of twin pigs.

SCARLET fever is raging in an epidemic form over at Lancaster, and typho-malarial fever is scattered all over the State. Lemons should be freely used in every family; they have a counteracting influence the same as quinine, and yet leave no unpleasant effects.

Dan and Josie Morris Sullivan, the favorite comedians, have written for dates at our Opera House and will appear in this city at an early date in Scott Marbie's famous Irish play, written for Mr. Sullivan, entitled "Shiel Agar," a first-class comedy-drama in four acts.

THE hardest work about Journalism, is beating off the poetry, obituary and resolution fiefs. Though not so numerous as the "free puffers," they are harder to beat off, and always get mad when told their stuff must be paid for at the regular advertising rates. This is a newspaper, and all news is published free. It will not brag on the dead in obituary or poetic drivel without pay.

It is the farmer who now suffers most from toll gates, but should they be abolished and the plikes be made free, then the merchants and professional men will come in alike for an equal taxation for a fund for repairs; but the merchant and professional men would more than be repaid by the general influx and liveliness of the trade in the country. In fact everybody will be benefited.

Notice to the Tax-Payers of Bourbon County.

Your State and County taxes for the year 1883 are now in our hands for collection. Please come forward and settle, and oblige J. B. HOLLADAY, S. B. C. F. R. ARMSTRONG, D. S. P. S.—Those who are in arrears for their taxes for 1882 must settle at once.

FATHERS LEO and Aloysius, members of the order of Passionists, of New York, have been preaching a series of sermons at the Catholic Church here this week to large and interesting audiences. A couple of News representatives heard them Wednesday evening, and were delighted to hear the fluent and interesting speakers. The older gentleman of the two is an orator of the highest type, and one whose words fall so soft and smooth as to hold an audience perfectly at his will, and even glide hours in to minutes with rapturous delight. Their services will close here Sunday.

REV. DR. J. T. HENDRICK, late of Paducah, who has, in the absence of Dr. Pratt, been filling the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian church for the past three months, last night preached his last sermon to a fine and deeply interested congregation. His remarks were pertinent to the occasion, and were made with deep and earnest feeling and produced a marked effect on his hearers. Dr. Hendrick has done effective service in his ministrations here, and has won the love and esteem of his large congregation to a wonderful degree. He is a grand old man, a great gospel preacher, and will long be held in affectionate remembrance by all who made his acquaintance during his stay here. Dr. Hendrick goes to Flemingsburg, where he will preach several weeks.—[Courier-Journal.]

ON Monday next, Oct. 8th, J. B. Dennis & Co., No. 20, Limestone street, Lexington, Ky., will have a grand closing out sale of buggies, barouches, &c. Parties wanting articles in that line would do well to attend sale. Also a large lot of second-hand buggies, &c. All will be sold without limit or reserve. oct2-2t

"Kentuck" is Coming!

The new sensational play of "Kentuck," a melo-drama of Southern life, is billed for our Opera House, Tuesday night next. This troupe has been drawing largely at Heuck's Opera House, Cincinnati, this week. The *Enquirer* of Monday says of it:

"McCloosky's sensational drama of 'Kentuck' was the attraction at Heuck's last evening, attracting an audience that filled the theatre in every part. It is a story of Southern life, and is of interest aside of its sensational features, many of the situations being of an exciting nature, which cause the upper portions of the house to cumber, and the quieter scenes, in which the dialogue is quite clever, enlists more sedate patrons. It is a play that is a play that will please, and did please and entertain the large audience of last evening. The race scene in the second act is an exciting one, and was received with rounds of applause, with a double raising of the curtain at the end of the act. The scene shows the starting of the horses, their progress and the close of the race, when the animals appear on the stage covered with foam. So realistic is the scene that one feels like buying a pool and taking his chances on naming the winner. The company is a good one and sustained the different characters allotted to them in an acceptable manner. Miss Anna Ward Tiffany is an old favorite here."

The Kentucky Union.

The giving out of the contract for the building of a section of the Kentucky Union Railroad is assurance satisfactory to the greatest doubter that this important enterprise is a certainty. If once begun it will not stop until it has reached the coal and timber which is so abundant on its line and which this region so seriously needs. It will be the only line running through the true coal region of eastern Kentucky, which is as rich as any in Pennsylvania or West Virginia. The Big Sandy just skirts it on the West and whilst it passes through coal measures does not strike the better or rich quality. The Cincinnati Southern touches some inferior beds of a low grade and the Knoxville Branch runs too far to the west to strike the most desirable kinds of coal. The Kentucky Union is located through the very heart of the best coal, iron and timber that can be found in the State. On the middle fork of Red river there is a white pine forest embracing one hundred thousand acres which can hardly be duplicated outside of Michigan. The Red river iron is esteemed as highly as any on the continent and the canal and bituminous coals to be found along the line of the Kentucky Union are as rich and accessible as those of any part of the globe.—[Winchester Democrat.]

## SCINTILLATIONS.

—Many men are honest through compulsion—not choice.

—Gus Fee and wife are taking in the Louisville Exposition.

—Geo. Mitchell will leave Saturday morning for St. Louis.

—Mrs. E. B. Boyd, of Carlisle, has been quite ill for several days.

—Jas. Short, Jr., has been suffering for a week with rheumatism.

—There are 121 soldiers of the war of 1812 still living in Kentucky.

—V. C. Porter, of Millersburg, is attending the Louisville Exposition.

—What armies did General Stampede and General Deliberty command?

—Mrs. Langtry will sail for New York to-morrow. Oh, thou dear Freddie!

—John G. Lyle left yesterday morning to visit his uncle in Lawrenceville, Ills.

—Mrs. Dr. H. B. Davis is visiting her mother, Mrs. Dr. Bruce, of Lexington.

—General Hancock, who has been quite ill for two weeks, is getting much better.

—When Col. Joe Hedges moves to town, will he want to run for City Councilman?

—Conductor John Myers, who fell from the Townsend bridge, is out again, on crutches.

Suppose we obligate Col. Hedges not to talk horse when he comes into the city to live!

—Mrs. G. G. White has accompanied Mrs. Maynard, her guest, to Chicago, on a short visit.

—Chief Justice Lord Corbridge and suite, from England, are in Louisville, attending the Exposition.

—Henry Laub and R. L. Clinkenbeard, of Winchester, have been appointed Colonels by the Governor.

—Tom Williams has gone to graze on friends in Bath county for about a week. Poor friends!

—Phil. B. Thompson returned to Harrodsburg and will announce himself as a candidate for re-election to Congress.

—Conductor Henry Green and wife have gone to the St. Louis fair, and will perhaps take a little trip East before returning home.

—The Carrie Stanton Dramatic Company have struck such luck at Vanceburg, that they have decided to go into winter quarters there.

—Ed. Boyd, of the Carlisle "Red Bundle Store," left for the city Wednesday to lay in a double supply of specialties for his Court-day trade—next Monday.

—"How Dickens Drank" is the caption of a long article now going the rounds. We suppose that the conclusion of it was that he merely drank like the Dickens.

—Editor Jimmie McChesney lost a pair of well-worn socks down at Louisville, but by strict sanitarian measures the Exposition was saved from being broken up.

—Boston is very much excited over the discovery of a boy in that city who has no brains.—[Ex.]

We'll bet that is the same one who visited here the past summer.

—When you see a lady monkeying up a pair of steps kind of side ways, it's a sign that she's strapped down a little too tight. Were you to cut a strap she'd go up like a balloon.

—Mr. Skillman and daughter, Mrs. McCauley, of Bourbon county, were visiting the family of Geo. Williams, last week. Mrs. McCauley is Mrs. Williams' mother.—[Midway Clipper.]

—At last accounts, Judge Turney and John T. Hinton have not had their railroad fare refunded to them—the fare which they paid out when they went down to Covington to give away \$10,000 worth of land to the railroad.

—The County Court is advertising for a poor-house keeper. It strikes us very forcibly that from the way things look in some portions of this city, that there ought to be enough poor house-keepers to fill the vacancy in a minute.

—Jno. Bowley, a young lawyer of Chesterton, Md., who led his class at Princeton college, was found dead in bed last week. He left for the coroner a note asking him to solve the question whether he died of laudanum, love, or whisky.

—Thos. Martin and family, of Hutebison, will leave next Wednesday, for Nevada, Mo., to make their future home. Miss McO'Neill, their very interesting daughter, will be sadly missed by her many friends and schoolmates in this city.

FALL and winter millinery, the newest and prettiest, at Miss Mollie E. Tully's.

The wife of Henry Humphreys, near Garrett's, Harrison county, suicided by hanging herself out of an up-stairs window, yesterday. She leaves several children.

MISS KATIE NEAL, of Mt. Sterling, was attacked with acute insanity last week and has been sent to the Asylum. Her derangement was caused by over-study and her physicians think that she will soon recover.—[Winchester Democrat.]

THE case of Dr. Walker Davis and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lucetta Munday, for the murder of Lowry Munday by poisoning him, for the recovery of a \$20,000 life insurance policy, is on trial at Versailles. The trial of the Browns, for the murder of marshal Freeman, is also set for this term.

Miss Mollie E. Tully has a first-class trimmer from the East, and is now ready to please all who may favor her with a call. Wedding orders a specialty. oct2-2t

THE Cynthia News came to us yesterday without a single line item in it worthy of publication, but had a clipping from the *Central Methodist* regarding Howard Henderson's reception into the New York Conference, which this paper published last April. Where on earth is the editor of that paper?

THE old front door-sill of the Lexington Court-house has been purchased by Slaughter Bassell because of historic interest that attaches to it from the fact that Aaron Burr and Henry Clay stood upon that when Burr gave Clay his word that he was guiltless of conspiracy and received the latter's pledge to defend him.

A LADY going down to the Cincinnati Exposition Saturday, remarked when she reached Paris: "I never saw such a place as Paris; we don't know where we are, or where we are going."—[Lex. Transcript.] Yes, people ought to keep their eyes open on arriving at a railroad center. Remember, Paris is not Lexington, it ain't.

W. H. INGELS & Co. are selling 40 inch, all wool, cashmere for 50 cents. 2t

NEWTON MCNEESE, marshal of Berryville, attended a base-ball game at Cynthiana Wednesday, got drunk and carved a saloon-keeper named Donohue, near the depot, in eight places. The wounds may prove fatal. McNeese had to be arrested at the point of a shooting iron.

Don't fail to attend the great buggy sale next Monday, Oct. 8th, at No. 20 Limestone street, Lexington, Ky. oct2-2t

A COLORED convict was killed in Madison county Monday. He had managed to escape from the guard, and going to the house of a Mr. Shearer, near by, during the absence of the inmates, stole a suit of citizen's clothes and a pistol. Mr. Shearer returned home soon after, and, missing his best suit, started in pursuit of the thief. He had not gone far before he ran upon a man and recognizing the clothes, ordered the man to halt, which he refused, when he fired the contents of a shotgun into his side, killing him instantly.

The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

The Maysville fair cleared \$1,500 this year, notwithstanding the rain two days.

Daniel Swigert's famous stallion Prince Charlie arrived at Lexington, Tuesday.

The Bluegrass Stake at the Louisville races, was worth \$725 to the winner, Eva S. Violator's game leg told on him in the St. Leger and, as usual with him, he pulled up lame.

A mule 17 hands high, weighing 1,475 lbs. and poor in flesh, is the property of a colored man at Midway.

When Jay-Eye-See made his mile in 2:10 1/2 it had the effect of making his owner, Mr. J. I. Case, kiss his wife a couple of times.

Now let Maud S. waltz up with her record of 2:10 1/2 against time. There's no telling what Jay-Eye-See can do when pressed.

MULES FOR SALE.—One pair horse mules; good workers. Also, one large dry mule. For sale by [20ct-2t] R. B. HUTCHCRAFT.

Tennessee parties have purchased over \$20,000 worth of mules from Clark county farmers in the last week.—[Winchester Democrat.]

Monday was mule colt day in this county Jesse Turney received about fifty head of fine ones, which passed through town from up the road.

Miss Woodford, Barnes and George Kincy, the three great three-year-olds of the Dwyer Brothers' stable, have won this season for their owners \$81,723.

Miss Fanny Jones, of Boyd county, is the possessor of a pumpkin raised in her mother's garden that measures in circumference six feet one way and five the other.

Treacy & Wilson, Lexington, Ky., have sold for T. J. Nichols, of this county, to J. D. Cheever, New York city, the bay gelding Barometer, five years old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland; dam by Commodore.

Jay-Eye-See is so perfectly balanced in his action that he does not need to be heavily shod. He wears 8-ounce shoes forward and 4-ounce shoes behind. A peculiar habit of this young horse is found in his manner of eating his hay and oats. When fed, a pull of water is placed near his box of oats. He will take a mouthful of oats, stick his nose in the water, take another mouthful of oats, again dip his nose in the water, and so on continually, until his grain is eaten up clean. He then proceeds the same way with his hay, until he has consumed a liberal supply. In this way he avoids the ill effects of dusty hay or oats. He is a good feeder at all times, eating twelve quarts of oats and the usual allowance of hay.

Mrs. Allender, of Maysville, gave birth to three girls and a boy Monday, Oct. 1st. So far as heard from, none got away, and all are living and enjoying a powerful blessing.

Since the birth of a baby in the family of the Minister from China at Washington, somebody will probably revive the cry against the smuggling of Chinese into this country.

Charles McCann, widower, of this city, married Miss Turner, of Mt. Sterling, Wednesday.

A wedding between William Jones and a Miss Collins, is all the talk at North Middletown.

Mr. M. B. Gray, of Cynthiana, married Miss Sallie Scott, yesterday at Maysville. Both were deaf mutes.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Lee Houston, formerly of this city, to Miss Mattie Jeter, of Georgetown, on the 24th inst.

James Curtis and Miss Katie Tingle were married at Lexington yesterday. This is a real case where "the marriage bells tingle merrily," &c.

A Harrodsburg youth was so agitated when he went to sign his marriage bond that he signed the name of the firm of which he was a member—McDowell, Goddard & Co.

Henry Schwartz, one of our sprightly young up-town business men was married Wednesday morning at the Catholic Church to Miss Nannie Walsh, a promising young, artist of this city. The happy couple were followed to the depot by a host of friends, where they took their departure for a trip to the Louisville, to attend the Exposition.

W. H. H. JOHNSON, Prop'r. W. B. CONWAY, Clerk.

JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season.

RATES REASONABLE.

WM. KENNEY, M. D., PRACTITIONER OF

MEDICINE & SURGERY,

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.

CHRIS. GROSCHKE, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

DEALER IN

Fruits, Cakes, Fancy Goods, Cigars and Tobacco, &c.

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

One door above the Thurston House.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Dr. H. B. DAVIS, formerly with Davis & Lyle, respectfully informs the public that he can be found one door above the post-office, where he has a new and complete stock of drugs—in fact, everything in the drug line as new, bright and shining as a silver dollar.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, from the purest drugs.

The purest and oldest liquors for medicinal purposes only, and the finest cigars and tobacco on the market, kept constantly on hand.

A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

JOHN B. NORTHCOTT, AGENT FOR THE

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

OFFICE: DEPOSIT BANK, PARIS, KY.

GEO. W. DAVIS, DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Window Shades, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattresses, &c.,

Special Attention Given to Undertaking and Repairing.

Main Street, Paris, Ky.

R. M. KENNEY, SURVEYOR,

PARIS, KY.

Will attend to all calls in his line, in Bourbon and surrounding counties, with promptness. Charges Reasonable. tf

S. B. EWALT, LIVERY SALE AND COMMISSION STABLE,

High Street, Paris, Kentucky.

Will break colts to best advantage. Horses bought and sold on a small margin, also boarded on as good terms as any other stables in Paris.

Paris Omnibus Line.

Two first-class busses will connect with all passenger trains at the Paris depot, fare, 25 cents to the hotels or any part of the city or suburbs. Trunks, 15 cents extra. No charge for valises.

L. F. MANN, Prop'r.

RHEUMATISM! Immediate Relief in all Cases by

Dr. RUSH'S Blood ROOT OIL.

Cured of Rheumatism in Two Hours. BUFFALO, N. Y., May 2, 1882.

Dr. Rush's Medical Association.

GENTLEMEN—I have been troubled with rheumatism for two years. I tried all the best advertised oils and liniments, and many first-class physicians without relief.

The last Dr. I visited recommended Dr. Rush's "Blood Root Oil." I purchased a large bottle for fifty cents, and applied it.

In two hours I was relieved and now I am entirely well. Its effects are wonderful, and I believe it the only thing in the world which will cure rheumatism. Truly Yours,

JOHN HUTCHISON, 80 Erie St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. RUSH'S BLOOD ROOT OIL

has no equal in the world as a Liniment or Oil. It is a Cheap, Simple, Safe and Sure external remedy for man or beast. It never fails to cure

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Croup, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is put up in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent direct upon receipt of price by Dr. J. H. RUSH'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Nunda, N. Y., U. S. A.

JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

PURNELL HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

Rates, Two Dollars Per Day.

Nice Sample Rooms for Commercial men.

[Livery and Sale Stable Connected]

FIRE INSURANCE!

J. M. JONES, AGENT FOR

LARGEST COMPANIES IN THE WORLD!

Losses Promptly Paid.

Rates as Low as The Lowest.

"BLUE GRASS ROUTE"

K. CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

Is the shortest and quickest route to MISSOURI, KANSAS and TEXAS. Tickets to all points North, East and West.

Time Card in Effect July 29th, '83:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Lve Covington . . . . . 8:30 am 3:30 pm

Lve Falmouth . . . . . 9:50 am 4:50 pm



# THE NEWS

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : KENTUCKY

## MY SUNBEAM.

There are two sunbeams on the floor;  
Two sunbeams fair to see;  
And one belongs to skies above,  
And one belongs to me.  
My sunbeam lifts her tiny hands,  
Her playfellow to grasp.  
When lo, a shadow and the beam  
Flashes my darling's clasp.

Yet once again it comes; and see,  
It lies now here, now there;  
It kisses baby's dimpled cheek,  
And nestles in her hair;  
Makes golden every little curl  
Upon the precious head.  
'Till, like a dream, again its light  
From baby's side has fled.

Oh! wondering baby eyes, which weep  
At shadows left behind.  
Fear not, the cloud will lift, and you  
The vanished beam shall find.  
Look! even now upon the wall  
It climbs, then tumbles down  
To shine at baby's feet ere it  
Once more her head shall crown.

God grant, dear little one, that Heaven  
Its brightest beams may lay  
Upon the paths your feet must tread  
Throughout life's little day.  
Full many a beam of purest gold  
Your hands will strive to grasp;  
Full many a shadow stern will snatch  
The sunbeam from your grasp.

But even ere you cease to grieve,  
Behold, the clouds roll by,  
And where the shadow dwelt before  
A hundred sunbeams lie.  
Look always for the brightest spot,  
As you through life shall go,  
And hope and faith shall fill your heart  
With Heaven's purest glow.

—Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.

## A "CUR'US" WILL.

"Yes'm, tell you what, the world does move." The speaker was "Uncle" Ben, a man without kindred, yet uncle to everybody. "Time was when a woman would no more think of handlin' money than of flyin'. Why, as good as a man as old Deacon White would take the cloth his wife had been a weavin' down to the store, git the pay for it, and bring it home, and if she put as much as her finger onto a silver quarter, or a bill, he'd snap out: 'Let that alone, won't you? That 'ere's money.'"

"The cur'us thing about it was she never thought of answerin' him back, and standin' up for her rights. 'Twan't heard on in them days. "Once in a while, when Mis' White wanted a new ribbon or somethin' uncommon, I've seen that woman stan' and tease for fifty cents, and he'd pretend he didn't hear her, and finally he'd hand it over to her with a dreadful scowl on his face, and say: 'Here 'tis, Melissa, and don't you lose it. Where's your handkercher to tie it up in?' And Melissa would look as plesed as could be, when perhaps she'd done seventy-five or a hundred dollars' worth of weavin' besides all her housework."

"But the meanest thing I ever heard on was the way Joshua Tubbs poached off his darter Betsey. You see she'd spun and wove, and wove and spun, and nev'r'd had nothin' of her own. She'd got along in years, and was bent just nigh about double. Poor woman, she was as crooked as a rainbow. She'd got so that she was just a machine for work. She never smiled nor nothin'. Her father'd took all her aimin's and had added farm to farm—stunny kind of land it was that wouldn't raise nothin' but mullens and huckleberries; he'd been saltin' down money, too, in the bank—he was allers puttin' in an' nev'r takin' out. Neighbors used to say that his hens had a mournful way of cacklin', as if they knowed their eggs would be grabbed afore they was cold, and sold. There wasn't no day so stormy but what you'd see Joshua Tubbs goin' by with a load o' ship-timber or bark, and on top o' that would be one o' Betsey's pieces o' factory, or a dozen hen's eggs, or a peck o' apples."

"Wall, he'd laid up money amazin' fast. When he came to die he was wuth fifteen thousand dollars or more, and how dew you s'pose he pervided for Betsey? Why, in his will he just give her a hum with her brother, Artemus, on the old place, but not a cent she could call her own. She couldn't work no more, she was so wore out, she could not straighten herself up, and was old and humly, and Artemus and his wife, when they found out she couldn't do nothin', they didn't want her; so they was kinder hard on her, and turned her off, and she got low-spirited and deranged-like, and went over to Job Watson's mill-pond and drowned herself, and that was the last o' her."

"But the most cur'us will that I ever heard on was Deacon Bijah Clark's. Remember it, don't you? You don't? I declare if I'd ever heard it onct, I couldn't have forgot it. The Deacon raily did think a heap o' his wife, and Esther Clark was a good woman if ever there was one. He was one o' them men that thought a woman never ought to touch money, and he'd pervided so she wouldn't have no trouble o' that kind."

"His will began like this: 'I, Bijah Clark, of the town of Salem, considerin' the onsartainty of this mortal life, and bein' of sound memory, blessed be Almighty God for the same, dew give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Esther Clark, all and singular, the personal property which she owned at the time of her intermarriage with me.' You see in them days wimmen couldn't even hold what was their own, and for that matter, Esther hadn't nothin' but a chist of drawers and a feather bed. 'Also one-third part of the farm in Salem where I now reside, the same to be taken from that portion not includin' the buildin's; also, the use and occupancy of the south-east closet of the house where I now reside; also, the privilege of cookin' at the fire-place, and the use of the tin baker in the kitchen of said house during the term of one year and six months after my decease; the same to be in full recompense of, and for any dower and thirds which she may or can in anywise claim and demand out of my estate.'"

"Now, wasn't that ere cur'us? And not exactly easy for the old woman, was it? Don't know what 'Bijah thought she was goin' to dew when the eighteen months was up; couldn't cook by the fire-place no more, couldn't sleep in the bed-room, no money, nothin' to do but go and reside, as the lawyers say, on the one-third of the farm not includin' the buildin's."

"The will went on: 'I give to my niece, Liddy Clark, one wooden clock, two brass kettles, all my iron and hollow ware, one fireshovel, two heifers, six yellow chairs, one Bible, one bed with bedding and bedstead, Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress in Religion,' one new chist, Doddridge's 'Regeneration,' one table, one stand with oil-cloth cover for the same."

"To my nephew, Lijah Clark, I unreservedly give and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my personal estate and effects not herein-before disposed of, includin' that one-third portion of my farm upon which are situated my houses and tenements."

"Tacked onto the last end o' the will, was a codicil in which 'Bijah Clark give the children of his former pastor, Elder Eleazer Smith, 'A set o' blue-edged crockery—what there was left on t'—'Fox's Book of Martyrs'—cheerful kind o' readin' for the young folks—and a brass warming-pan."

"You see he got things dreadfully mixed up, brass kettles and Bibles, but the will was drawn only a day before his death, when things was gettin' kind o' misty in his own mind. He meant that his wife shouldn't have no trouble handlin' money. The deacon hadn't been dead a month, afore his niece Liddy, dropped off, too, and that left all her property to her brother, 'Lijah; so Doddridge's 'Rise and 'Regeneration,' went right back again to the old self."

"'Twan't long afore Lijah and his wife let their Aunt Esther know who was the masters in that house. I s'pose it was natur' to do jist so, and human natur' is poor stuff anyway, and it warn't long afore she was driv' into that ere southeast bed-room and closet, and told that she must remain there."

"Lijah's wife, right contrary to the will, forbid her cooking by the fire-place but sent her a leetle dish o' puddin' and merlasses three times a day, saying that it was good enough for anybody and dreadful fillin'."

"It was no matter whether Mis' Clark liked it or not; it sartainly wasn't verry fillin' to her, for she grewed poor on it, and looked ten years older than she did on the day the deacon died."

"Now, Mis' Clark was a nat'ral cook, and ye know what that means. If she set out to fry a piece o' pork, why, it was browned to jest the right brown; even in bilin' pertaters she knew jest how to dew it. They warn't never soggy, but allers come out mealy and whole. When she fairly laid herself out, bless me! You should have eat her doughnuts and gingerbread and pumpkin pies. It was cookin' as was cookin'. She'd beat the hull neighborhood."

"Now the deacon set a good deal by Esther, and especially by her virtuels; and, arter all, a few ribbons and curls may catch a husband, but there's nothin' like good, hullsome cookin' to keep him in traces. The way to a man's affections lies right through the stomach, and it stan's to reason it should be so, for yaller biscuits and sour bread naterally brings on dyspepsy, and that makes everybody cross and snarin'."

"But I was tellin' how that will worked. 'Lijah and his wife put the screws onto Esther, and the property was given in such cur'us way that she couldn't do nothin' with it. True, she had the use of one-third o' the farm, but there weren't no buildings onto it, and I reckon that land is wus than money for a woman to handle; so there she was right under their thumb, and they knowed it. Folks kinder thought she was losin' her mind; anyhow she got drefful low-spirited."

"It happened about this time that Squire Peters lost his wife—Deacon Clark's folks and the Peterses had allers been drefful intimate. Now a very cur'us circumstance occurred, or, rather, it came to light. It seems that some thirty years before, when Esther was a rosy-cheeked girl—even old folks is young some time in their lives—Squire Peters writ her a letter, askin' her to marry him."

"In them days postage was high, and he hadn't no two shillin's to fool away, so he put it into the hands of his Uncle Zebedee, who was goin' right to Salem, and asked him to carry it to Esther. This was in the month o' March. "Zebedee Peters was one o' them awful forgetful men; he slipped that letter into his overcoat pocket, and then it slipped out o' his mind entirely. When he got home from his journey it had grewed warm, and the overcoat was hung up in the closet, and nobody looked into the pockets till the next fall. Then what should Zebedee, in fumbling around, draw out, but that ere love letter. 'Twas a cur'us circumstance."

"In the meantime, during this ere summer, Squire Peters, feelin' a good deal slighted in not hearin' from Esther, had done just what many another disappointed man does, engaged himself right away to a girl he didn't care any great for, and Esther had been married to Deacon Clark."

"In course o' time Squire Peters' folks bought a farm up to Salem, came up there to live, and things moved on as if nothin' had happened, and nothin' raily had happened, for the Squire kept his own secret, and that was the end o' it. All parties lived happily enough. "In them days divorcees warn't talked about, nor incompatibilities. When men and women got married they knowed it was for life, and they'd got to stand it, for better or for wus. Besides, it was such hard work to get a livin', they didn't get no time to sigh over what might have been. A man and his wife was like a pair o' oxen—they was yoked together—and it was handier, drawing a load, not to pull apart."

"Just at the right time Mis' Peters died, and the Squire raily mourned for her. She was a mighty good woman, though she couldn't cook like Esther Clark, and when she'd been buried nigh onto four weeks, Squire Peters happened to meet Esther, if you can call that happenin' for which a man has been contrivin' and watchin' for five days."

"Wall, he just slid that old love letter, yaller with age, into her hand, and explained the circumstance a leetle, and that's all he said and done then. You see he wanted to wait till a proper time. Then he contrived that she should get an invite to spend the winter with a fourth cousin o' hers—she was awful scant on for relations—and then she got fatted up with somethin' more fillin' than puddin' and merlasses."

"At the end o' the year, he went on

and married Mis' Clark, and brought her home. The first thing Squire Peters did was to turn over a new leaf with his wife."

"One day he'd sold some heifers, and he tossed the money over to her in a careless way, and said: 'Now Esther, count that ere over and see if it's all straight.'"

"If he had thrown some black spiders at her, she wouldn't have been more skeered."

"I don't know nothin' about money," she said, and she remembered how Deacon Clark used to snap her up when she only jest teched it."

"Wall, it's time you did. Now you've got to begin. There's no use in wimmen folks being so ignorant about business matters."

"Why, I never studied 'rithmetic but four weeks, and then I nev'r went no further than subtraction."

"Never mind that, Esther," said the Squire, laughin'; "I heered you countin' up six dozen eggs t'other day, and money hain't no different from them, as I knows o'."

"You ought to have seen the look on that woman's face as she turned over the bills. There was seventy dollars of 'em, and she done pretty well at countin' 'em. The first time she made ninety dollars of 'em, and the last time, forty. 'Twern't so bad as it might have been, and on the other hand 'twan't what you'd call accurat; but her husband kept her at it, encouragin' her along, an' helpin' her on, for, as he said, when she got to be Mis' Widow Peters, he wanted her to know enough 'bout dollars and cents not to be imposed upon: at which the tears would come into Esther's eyes, and she'd say she hoped she shouldn't outlive him."

"Nobody knows nothin' about that, but one o' t'other has got to go fast, and ye may as well larn all ye can 'bout takin' keer of yourself."

"They was an awful happy couple. Say what you're a mind to, married folks gits along better when there's plenty of love between them, than when they're drawin' together just from a sense of dooty. I've allers said I should enjoy my second marriage better'n my first, I was sure, though I've never found one, as yet. It's and awful responsibility to go into the meetin'-house and say: 'With my worldly goods I thee endow,' especially when you ain't got no worldly goods to speak of."

"But I was tellin' 'bout Squire Peters. He got his wife pretty well broke in, so there couldn't nobody cheat her. One day he was going off to the city—for that was what Salem had growed to be—and says he: 'Esther, you may sell them steers, if the man should come along.'"

"I think I will," said she, laughin'; 'how much do you ask for 'em?'"

"Oh, seventy dollars," he said, and off he went.

"I happened to be in there when the drover came. She talked around a leetle about the price, and actually sold them steers for eighty-five dollars, and then she took the money, not a bit scared; she rung the silver and squinted at the bills to see if they was giniwin', as handy as them cashiers in a city bank; and she was about the pleased-est woman you ever see, when the Squire came hum, and she told him what she'd been up to. You see women don't enjoy being so helpless, and havin' overseers put over 'em, countin' every cent for 'em as if they was jittos."

"There wasn't much Squire Peters could do with that 'ere one-third of his wife's property—the will was such a drefful cur'us one—until he found a German who wanted to hire it. He leased it for some years, and what did he put onto it but a slaughter-house. You see Salem was growin' proper fast, and they wouldn't allow no killin' done in the city. Now that jest spi't Lijah's hull farm to him and to his wife. Not that it hurt their feelin's so much to see the poor bleatin' lambs driv' by, and the cows with their calves a followin' 'em—I'm not sayin' but beef-steak and mutton chops ain't good and toothsome to their way, but it takes the relish out o' them to see the dumb critters going to the slaughter, lookin' up at you with their great lonesome eyes—but Lijah and his wife weren't no way tender, and what fretted them was that there got to be such a drefful stench from the slaughter-house there weren't no livin' near it. Mis' Peters' lot was to the south of 'em, and the wind was mostly blowin' from that 'ere quarter; and Lijah was took sick and had a heavy doctor's bill to pay—they all got alin'—the cows wouldn't drink out o' the creek, the water was so pisened, and folks went along the road a-holdin' their noses, till finally Lijah couldn't stan' it no longer; so he just buys out the widow's hull right in the place—pays a hansom' price for it, too—and then he buys out the German's lease; altogether it cost him one good sum."

"Now," said Squire Peters to Lijah, 'hope you'll larn somethin'. Never saw the time yet when the bitter didn't get bit; and, furthermore—you see the Squire'd been a Justice of the Peace, and had got into the habit o' usin' that ere word—I'll leave it to you if you hadn't ought to have used your sense a leetle better, seein' you started poor as poverty, and all you're wuth has come from that ere poverty.'"

"You see he give him an awful talkin' to, and it done some good, for the Squire said that Lijah was the shamed-est-lookin' man that ever he see."

"Heard how the Squire and his wife died, hain't you? Well, 'twas a drefful cur'us circumstance. They was both took the same day with a fever—ketcht it from one another, I s'pect. Years gone by, when folks was took sick, it was called a 'Dispensation o' Providence,' but now nobody can't have no fever, nor diphtery, nor nothin', without somebody's a talkin' about sanatory conditions, a-peckin' into the dream, or sarchin' the well to see if some live critter hasn't got drowned in it."

"The Squire and his wife never knowed nothin' from the first minit they was took. One died one day, and t'other the next, and for all the Squire's trainin', and Esther being so capable, she never lived to be Mis' Widow Peters. They was buried in the same grave, and the minister preached the most feelin' sermon from this ere text: 'They was lovely and pleasat in their lives, and in death they was not divided.'"

"Since that ere time wimmen folks has made a drefful advance, but

whether it's 'backwards or for'ards I can't tell. Now when a man dies he gives his jist as much as he does his boy, and she keeps it, too. She don't go to no man to count it for her. You'll see her a-lookin' over the papers, a-sarchin' how's money's worth, and she goes to the bank all by herself, and she has a great roll of bills when she's out a-tradin'; but whether or no wimmen folks as a hull is any better off than they used to be is more'n I can tell; still I can't see as knowin' somethin' has spi'led 'em."—Anna Linwood, in N. E. Farmer.

## Mountains.

It is everywhere the mountains which control the features of the landscape. Wherever a wave in the earth's crust has been arrested after its upheaval, it is the height and structure of the mountain range thus established which determine the lines where running water shall channel its way to the sea, hollowing out valley systems, wearing away, building up and moulding the surface of the land into all its variety and complexity of contour. The same mountain barrier directs the air currents, orders the rainfall and brings back the clouds from the sea to replenish the fountains of the streams which flow forever from its flanks. It is the degraded rock of the highlands, too, which furnishes soil to cover the earth's nakedness and clothe it with verdure. In a true sense, therefore, all natural scenery, even to its minor details, displays the dominating force of mountain masses, although they may be a thousand miles away. But it is in the mountains themselves where the handiwork of Nature's elemental forces is visibly and comprehensively manifested. Here where flood and fire and frost have been working their will throughout all geologic time to rear and ruin is found the most complete embodiment at once of infinite might and absolute repose. Vast and silent and strong, the great mountains are the chosen home of the Sublime in Nature. Along the axial ridges of the continents the great rock masses which furnish the grandest and most impressive scenery are naturally looked for. Our own Rocky Mountain region, with its domes and pinnacles and buttressed walls, its gorges and chasms and cascades, furnishes stupendous examples of the awful and majestic. All that is wild and extravagant can be seen in the wonderlands of Monument and Yellowstone Parks. Every aspect of nature, from the savage and appalling to the green pastures and still waters which soothe and "restore the soul," can be found somewhere among the heights and depths of the Great Divide. The entire region is full of interest, and yet the world knows comparatively little of it. There are whole mountain systems of which no adequate geological or geographical survey has yet been made, and important ranges which are yet practically unknown. Near the northern boundary of the United States is the true apex of the Continent, where the water from melting snows flows to Hudson's Bay through the Saskatchewan, and to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific by way of the Missouri and the Columbia. From this interesting point a score of glittering peaks can be seen which are all 10,000 feet in height, and yet this region and the parallel ranges southward for a hundred miles seem to have been avoided almost entirely by tourist and student. There has been no twisting or crumpling of the sheets of rock north of the Dearborn River, at which point the folded strata indicate volcanic disturbance just where the Belt Range begins. But the level or regularly inclined rock layers of different degrees of hardness have weathered away, leaving sharp edges, while glaciers and torrents have excavated vast amphitheatres, giving to the whole mass a startling resemblance to architectural ruins. Genuine glaciers were recently discovered here by an exploring party of the Northern Transcontinental Survey, which are the only known examples of this kind in the Continental Divide, with the exception of those reported in the Wind River Mountains some years ago by Dr. D. Hayden.—N. Y. Tribune.

## How a Freeze-Out Game Worked.

"As I understand it," said the Chicago lawyer, as he leaned back, "you run a grist mill?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is owned by a stock company, and you have ten shares?"

"The stock now sells at 95. You want to bear it down to about 30, and buy in a controlling interest?"

"Exactly."

"Very well. Your game is to report that the mill is unsafe, machinery out of order, the wheat crop poor, the stockholders discouraged, and your belief that the concern will lose \$10,000 during the next year. Then offer your own stock at 45."

In about a week the man returned, and when the lawyer asked him how it worked, he replied:

"I followed your advice. After doing some talk I offered my stock at 45."

"Of course."

"And you have cleaned 'em out?"

"No, sir! They bought my stock in before I could turn round twice, and I am \$5,000 out of pocket!"

"Yes, I see—I see—I see. Humph! Of course I see! Your game now is to feign insanity; go to the asylum for a few weeks, and have me appointed your guardian!"—Wall Street News.

—William Faulkner, of Burlington, Vt., is a striking instance of a man whose conscience troubles him for a deed which was decided by the courts to be meritorious. Twenty years ago, under great provocation, he shot and killed a ruffian, for which he was promptly acquitted on the plea of justifiable homicide. Nevertheless, for the past twenty years he has found it impossible to sleep after three o'clock in the morning. Remorse seizes him at that hour, and for several hours after he is driven out of his house. As there is no other place open at this time, he has made it a practice for twenty years past to go to the press-room of a daily paper, where he is always looked for exactly at 3:15 a. m.—Rutland Herald.

—A Mormon missionary in Georgia was pelted with eggs, and driven out of town by blood-hounds.—Chicago Times.

## Humming-Birds.

Mrs. C. M. Russell, of the Huntington Memorial Home for Old Ladies, on Washington street, has two pairs of young humming-birds in captivity, so tame that a stranger can handle their cages without disturbing them in the least. While the cage is being handled they fly about with a buzzing noise, alternately alighting in the ring of the cage or upon the roof, uttering a faint "creeet" while on the wing. Although never seen to alight and feed in freedom, they often perch upon the edge of a small cup in the cage and sip a sirup of sugar and water prepared by Mrs. Russell, who also keeps a bouquet of bright flowers in the cage.

These tiny, gorgeously plumaged birds, not much larger than grasshoppers, make no attempt now to escape, but will perch upon the head of Mrs. Russell and take sirup from the cup while she holds it. The bill, wings and tail are black, the back from the neck to the tail a rich metallic green, and the throat white with reddish spots just beneath the bill. Beneath the birds are white, the color deepening to a reddish tint toward the wings. There is a white spot back of each eye, and the tail is banded with white at the tip. They enjoy bright sunshine, and show every sign of contentment as they sit upon the perch pluming their wing-feathers, cresting the feathers on their heads and spreading their tails.

The first bird flew into Mrs. Russell's room some two weeks ago. She caught it and kept it for several hours. It flew about the room, and allowed itself to be handled when tired. In brushing along the ceiling it whitened the feathers upon its head. She let it go toward evening, and two days afterward it returned again, and was identified by the mark upon its head. She put it in a cage, and by it captured four others, among them a ruby-throated humming-bird, which afterward escaped. A leading ornithologist believes the birds in captivity to be the young of the ruby-throated humming-bird.

Mrs. Russell has a taste for natural history studies, and is an enthusiastic admirer of handsomely plumaged butterflies and birds. In the cases we noticed little nets skillfully made of cotton and covered with lichens, which were such good imitations of bird work that they might deceive the birds themselves, and we were surprised to learn that the lady made them herself. These birds make seventeen of the humming-bird family Mrs. Russell has had in captivity. She succeeded in keeping one for three months, and then fearing lest the bird might suffer for want of proper food she chloroformed it and sent it to the taxidermist, who pronounced it the fattest humming-bird he ever saw! Being unable to supply the birds with insects she makes beef tea by soaking raw meat in water, and feeds it to them sparingly. The birds seem to relish the liquor. Mrs. Russell intends to winter a pair of these birds, if possible. It is a rare sight to see these little beauties living contentedly in cages.—Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

## Petroleum—the Old in the New.

Perhaps never in the world's history has there occurred a case in which an article known from time immemorial, and counted as being of too small value to have any influence whatever, has all at once become one of the forces which sway the commerce, and almost the destinies of nations, to an extent so wonderful as is actually true in regard to petroleum. Its progress, its development, the grasp which it has on the welfare, the politics and the destiny of various countries, above all others, of our own, deserve a careful study. A few words in relation to one feature of its history are all that our present space will allow; we may recur to it at another time.

When we look into the columns of the various daily papers, and see with how much care the petroleum column is worked up, how its daily, and sometimes hourly, fluctuations are studied and quoted, and when we read a little further and see what enormous amounts of the crude article are brought to the sea-ports—New York, of course, chiefly—and what immense shipments are made to the very ends of the earth (for China, on the opposite side of the globe, is becoming now one of our very thirsty absorbents), we find it difficult to realize that all this is only a thing of yesterday, as it were. And yet that is strictly true. Forty years ago the word petroleum had no existence in current language. It is a compound term meaning simply rock oil; it was in the dictionaries, but it was not known to people in general. And yet the article at that time was on sale, in the large cities, and occasionally in smaller places. But it was in very small quantities, and was disposed of by the ounce. Very probably the entire stock on hand in the city of New York could have been held in a few five-gallon cans. Those who are old enough to remember as far back as 1840 can possibly recall a very bad-smelling medicine to which perhaps they were subjected. It was called Seneca Oil, and was "dreadful good for the rheumatiz," being fortunately, in most instances, used externally, though not always. It was understood to be brought from the "Seneca Nation," in the Southwestern part of the State of New York; hence its name. Seneca oil was simply crude petroleum, and it is on the instant recognized that it came from the immediate vicinity, the very border of the region which has within these later years revolutionized the world with its oil wells.

But in going back to Seneca oil do we touch the early days of petroleum? Not at all; and we shall never touch them. No glimmering light shines back so far. When the fires fell on the Cities of the Plain, in the circuit of Jordan, at the northern end of the Dead Sea, the combustible material which insured the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was crude petroleum, the "slime pits" of the Vale of Siddim. Later still, petroleum, in its viscid form, served to make water-tight the cradle of the baby Moses. But both these instances are relatively of modern date; for perfectly untold ages before that time petroleum had served to aid in preserving the Egyptian dead from decomposition, for the very oldest of all the mummies yet brought to light reveal its presence. And how early, in the experience of the human race its remarkable proprieties were brought into

play we can only conjecture, for nothing remains to tell us.

Petroleum, therefore, has two histories, and they may be said to be as distinct from each other as though they were of two separate articles. The old reaches back, so we have seen, to the days of shadow and fable; the new begins August 6, 1859, only twenty-four years ago! And it begins at Titusville, on Oil Creek, a branch of the Alleghany River, in Crawford County, Pennsylvania. To such narrow limits in both time and space are we able to concentrate our attention, and yet we are looking at that which has become one of the mighty factors in modern civilization.

Now once more we will see what we can do in the work of bringing our ideas to a focus, and this time we will look at the subject geographically. Petroleum is found in very various parts of the world, in fact, almost in every country, to some extent. There are, however, certain points of concentration, and they are not many. The island of Zante, the mainland opposite in Hungary, Galicia, and Moldavia; then again, away off on the Irawaddy, but most of all—on the Eastern Continent—the shores of the Caspian, especially near Baku; all of these produce petroleum, and the springs of Baku yield more than all the others combined. But we may fairly set all of them—the entire Eastern Continent—aside as being of no great moment. It is no mere figure of speech, it is not rank boasting, to say that petroleum, so far as the markets of the world are concerned, is an American product. Our regular daily and monthly yield so far surpasses all others that they cannot be counted as rivals in the trade and its results.

The springs of Baku yield about 500,000 barrels annually; we turn out that amount in the space of a very few weeks at any time. The records of 1879, not to speak of anything later, give the exports only from the three ports of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York at 8,500,000 barrels. Surely we may call petroleum, in all its bearings, an American product.

And does it come from all parts of America? Perhaps few persons are aware how very much restricted really is the region which yields such incredible results. The fact is that the "oil center," that from which petroleum has been produced in paying quantities, can all be comprised within a space of 39½ square miles. It is wonderful.—Scientific American.

## John Splan Tells What is a First-Class Driver.

John Splan, who began his career on the turf seventeen years ago, when he was seventeen years old, and has handled many of the best horses in the country, including the famous Rarus, is as ready and slick a talker as he is driver. "Yes, sir, a good driver is as essential as a good horse. I don't know as a good man could do much with a stick of a horse, but I've seen many a horse defeated that would have won if its driver had known his business. Just what makes a good driver you can't tell."

"You see, a driver has got to do more than sit behind a horse. He must look out for the shoeing, must get the horse's head just right, must study his horse, know how he ought to be fed, harnessed and all that. There are a hundred things besides the mere driving that he must have his eye on and be studying. Horses are just as different as people. Some are nervous, fretting and stewing all the time, and others are so cool that a cyclone wouldn't make them jump. Now, you see if a man that was used to driving one of the nervous kind took hold of a lazy horse he'd like as not break him all up."

"There's one thing a driver must have, and that's a cool head. He must not be all down when he doesn't win, or way up when he does, but just take it as it comes and go it. I've seen men on the track with money up on their horses who were as worked up about it as an old lady that had got to have her tooth pulled out. That won't do. I don't take any stock in cordials to give a man the necessary courage. A good night's sleep is the best thing that any man can take before a race. Of course we bet on the races. That's what we are interested in; it's part of our business. I don't think horsemen gamble much outside. They put in their money on a horse just as a man buys a barrel of flour and expects to get more than he gave for it. The public think there's a good deal more crooked work than there really is. I don't know a driver, and I've slept with most of 'em, who would pull his employer's horse to win money himself. It wouldn't pay. Driving is a profession now, and a man who has paid \$5,000 or \$10,000 for a piece of property hunts till he finds a good man to take care of it, and then pays him handsomely. Most owners have all the money they want and are anxious only that their horses win.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## Some Mitigating Circumstances.

"See here, Slossinger, I want to talk to you a moment," said an Austin philanthropist, "don't you know you are not doing your duty by your children in not sending them to school. That's not the way a fond father should treat his children."

"Well, now, I don't know about that," replied Slossinger. "I don't believe you fully realize what you are talking about. Now I have a brother whose oldest son was sent up for two years for horse stealing, and the Judge, in sentencing him, said that his ignorance and lack of early education were strong mitigating circumstances in his case; and instead of making the sentence ten years, which he would have done had the boy ever received any education, he would make it only two. Now, do you suppose I am going to rob my boys of those mitigating circumstances that have already been such a bonanza in the family? No, sir; before I do that, I hope my right arm will cling to the roof of my mouth."—Texas Siftings.

—A negro named Carter was dancing for the amusement of a street crowd in an Ohio town. Something was said that displeased him, and he fired his revolver at the crowd. The ball struck a man in the breast, glanced and struck an iron pump-handle, and was split, and each of the pieces wounded another man.—Cleveland Leader.



## Beautiful Smugglers.

"Now is the time we have to keep our eyes open," said a prominent member of Capt. Brackett's custom-house detectives. "All the gay birds of fashion who spend the summer abroad are on the wing home, and if they can slip in a few yards of costly lace without paying duty it would save them the expense of their trip."

"Do ladies indulge in amateur smuggling?"

"All of them don't, and some are so over-conscientious that they even offer to pay duty on non-dutiable goods. But human nature is the same, whether it is a fashionable dressmaker or the wife of a prominent clergyman, like the one who had twenty yards of fine Valenciennes lace tacked in her petticoat. I can not give you her name for publication, for no proceedings were taken against her except to have the lace removed from the garment and sent to the public stores, from which her husband afterward obtained it by paying \$4 a yard duty."

"Are the ladies cunning in the devices they employ?"

"Their ingenuity is unbounded. Take, for instance, the case of Mme. Leone, the fashionable modiste, who was arrested for smuggling some time ago. She declared that she was an actress, and that the dresses which she attempted to pass through without paying duty formed her theatrical wardrobe and were entitled to be sent in free under the section relating to tools of trade. She showed a contract in which she was engaged to perform the leading female roles in a number of plays. On the trial this contract was proved to be a forgery."

Ladies will bring over sealskin saques in the middle of summer and wear them when the thermometer is in the nineties, simply to be able to swear that they have been worn. I remember a lady who wore a brand-new camel-hair shawl valued at \$2,500. In her trunk was another shawl of the same material, worth about \$500. She claimed to own both of them, but the dearer one was confiscated and never afterward called for. It was subsequently ascertained that the person who had given her the commission had made her a present of the cheaper shawl, with the understanding that she was to get the other one through free."

"Another device of the ladies is to fold new dresses inside their old ones, and it takes an experienced eye to detect the fraud. In one case a lady covered a \$500 Worth dress with an ordinary calico wrapper much the worse for wear. I knew that she was too aristocratic to wear anything so humble as calico, and that awakened my suspicions. Had she taken one of her ordinary wearing dresses instead of her servant's the fraud might have been successful. Some ladies do not hesitate to resort to trunks with false bottoms. One trunk in particular had false sides as well, and when I pulled a couple of screws out it all came to pieces."

"Do you ever arrest the ladies whom you catch in the attempt to smuggle?"

"No. The only case of arrest that I remember is that of Mme. Leone. We are contented to confiscate the goods. We send the articles to the public store and the owners can obtain them either by paying the duty or proving under oath that no duty is due. We take that course even in cases of suspicion, and I admit that innocent passengers sometimes suffer delay and hardships on this account. We must be extra cautious or Uncle Sam's revenue would be seriously diminished. You have an idea of our work when I say that over \$80,000 are annually collected at the docks of the various steamships for duty on baggage brought over by the passengers. This is exclusive of what passes through the custom-house in the ordinary course of business. How large an amount the Government is defrauded of in the year by people who would be horrified to be called smugglers and who are not professionally engaged in the illegal trade, I can not pretend to say."

"Have you had much experience with the tricks and devices of professional smugglers?"

"I should say I had," replied the detective, with a smile, as he took from his desk a hollow boot heel fashioned of iron, to which was attached an iron clamp, and showed it to the reporter."

"Do you see this?" That clamp was fastened to a man's boot after the leather heel of the latter had been removed. Then this iron heel was filled with diamonds and screwed to the clamp. The shape and color are exactly like that of an ordinary heel, and were it not that the smuggler's nervousness betrayed him, he might have defrauded the Government out of about \$5,000 in duty."

"Another case happened on board one of the Havana steamers. I was looking for smuggled cigars, and having as I thought, satisfied myself that there were none on board, was about to leave when I noticed that the cleat of the window of the barber shop, which was on the upper deck, was a trifle loose. I caught hold of it and pulled, and, to my surprise, the panel came out, revealing an aperture about three feet high and one in depth, and running along the whole length of the window. This space was filled with boxes of the choicest cigars. After my men had seized them the barber and the steward of the vessel mysteriously disappeared, and have not shown up around the ship again."

"Did not the captain know of this?"

"No, from his explanation I felt convinced that the smuggling was being done without his knowledge. He had sixty men in his crew and only one pair of eyes to watch them while they were watching him. I wish I could say that all captains of inbound vessels are as innocent of complicity in smuggling as this particular one was. Other favorite methods of smuggling in cigars are to pack them in the center of barrels of oranges or in between baskets of bananas and other fruit."

"Is it not risky to have a man searched unless you have good cause for suspicion?"

"There is no pecuniary risk, but you are liable to discharge from the service on complaints made by the innocent sufferers. We must use our best judgment, and even then we are sometimes put on the right track by mere luck."

"I remember one day searching an Englishman, who was highly indignant

when nothing was found on him. We told him that he had been pointed out to us as having smuggled articles in his possession. 'I know who told you,' he exclaimed in his broad dialect. He mentioned the name of a fellow-passenger, and added that he had shown some attentions to the passenger's wife on the trip over. 'That had,' he said, aroused the husband's jealousy and he had denounced him for revenge. 'I'll get even with him,' he added, 'he's got a lot of jewelry secreted in his trunk. He told me so himself. Now, I'll walk up to him and shake him by the hand and then you'll know who he is.' Now, as a matter of fact, the Englishman had not been denounced by the person he mentioned, but it was all the same to us. We found the jewelry and confiscated it."—N. Y. World.

## A Tramp's Revenge—Heroism of a Young Farmer.

A thrilling scene was witnessed last night at the burning of a saw-mill on the Six-mile Creek, south of Wesleyville, a few miles from this city. One of the owners, Dallas Crawford, drove from his premises a gang of tramps who requested food and lodging, but were unwilling to work a few hours in payment. A vagrant who refused to go, and drew a deadly weapon, received the contents of a shot-gun in his leg. He lurked around several days, waiting for revenge. After supper last evening he saw Mr. Crawford's two little daughters enter the mill, on the upper floor of which a play room had been partitioned off for them. Following them the wretch fastened the door, while the children were playing inside. Descending to the basement he piled heaps of inflammable material in several places and then set the whole on fire. The fiend's intention was to burn the girls alive, in retaliation for the shot imbedded in his flesh by their father. In a few moments the whole lower portion of the mill was enveloped in flames. Ingress and egress alike were cut off and the girls seemed doomed to die the most agonizing of deaths.

They crawled through a hole upon the roof, but were afraid to jump, as the distance was thirty-five feet and the ground thickly dotted with jagged boulders. No ladders were available, nor could the flames have permitted their use even if at hand. The father and spectators turned away sickened, momentarily expecting to see the rafters yield and the children disappear into the roaring flames. The mother, shrieking that if her darlings could not be saved she would perish with them, rushed to the blazing building, but strong arms prevented the execution of her frenzied resolution. At this instant a deliverer appeared, a young farmer named Alfred K. Bonnell, carrying a coil of rope to which was fastened a strong iron hook. Hastily strapping climbing irons to his legs, he ascended a tall oak tree near the mill. In a moment he stood on a limb high above the children, who gazed at him with eager eyes. The young man threw the rope so precisely that the hook caught in the smaller girl's dress. Drawing the cord hand over hand, the girl swung clear and was lowered safely into her father's arms. The crowd stood like statues as Bonnell cast his hook a second time to snatch a human being from a death that but a few seconds before appeared inevitable. He succeeded in getting the rope to the other child, who hung suspended in the air, her clothing catching fire as she left the perilous place. She was saved, however, without being much burned. When the intrepid hero regained the earth he sank down overpowered by intense excitement, and was carried away, not a second too soon for the safety of himself and friends. The boiler in the burning mill, surrounded by a mass of glaring coals, exploded, the detonation being heard for miles. Fragments of iron plates, red-hot farming machines and flaming timbers were hurled hundreds of feet, though, fortunately, not a person was injured. The incendiary tramp fled from the scene of his crime on a stolen horse, and escaped the vengeance of the furious farmers.—*Eric Special to Philadelphia Press.*

Occasionally, yes, very often, woman is more than a match for a man. A farmer was in a hurry to get his work along, and went out into the field with his boys and hired man, entirely overlooking the fact that the last stick of wood in the woodpile had been burned to get the breakfast. Raging hungry the force came in at noon. The good wife had the table set with all the taste of which she was mistress, and it really looked inviting, but there was no dinner upon it. "Sarah, where's the dinner?" inquired the farmer, somewhat anxiously. "I don't know whether it is done or not. There was no wood for a fire, so I hung it in the warmest place I could find. It's on the ladder at the south side of the house." The whole force was detailed at chopping wood that afternoon.—*Patrie Farmer.*

The sagacity of Juno, a pure English mastiff standing three feet high and weighing 120 pounds, owned by ex-Mayor Bookstaver, is recorded by the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Evening Herald*. She sleeps in Dandelion's stall, curling up against his head, and the two are inseparable. One day Juno went upstairs with her master to Dandelion was left in the street at one end of a weighted halter. Ere long there was a commotion in the street, and the ex-Mayor, looking out, found Dandelion in the vestibule trying to drag the carriage up stairs. Juno likes children, and a child may safely pull the dog's tail or put his hand into her mouth; but a little boy who likes green apples cannot pick them up in her presence, for she takes them up by the wrist and holds him until he no longer holds the apple

—Mr. Moses B. I. Goddard, of Providence, R. I., recently found on Block Island an antique mahogany table, which belonged to the cabin furniture of the ship Ann and Hope, that belonged to the house of Brown & Ives, and was lost on the Island in 1806. A farmer had had it in his possession ever since, and Mr. Goddard rescued it from the kitchen where it was subject to ignominious use.

## Pure Cider Vinegar.

Pure cider vinegar is generally accepted as the most desirable sort, and yet only a very small portion of the vinegar made and sold in this country is produced from the juice of the apple. The main supply of vinegar is obtained from glucose, acetic acid, mineral acids, ale, beer, distillers' slops, etc. White wine vinegar, largely used by picklers, is made from inferior wines, wine lees and other liquors.

It is with cider vinegar that farmers have to deal. Each farmer can make, at least, enough wholesome vinegar for the consumption of his family. Even if it does not pay to make cider vinegar for market, it pays to make it for one's own use, as the vinegars on the markets are so largely composed of injurious acids that renders them unhealthful.

When vinegar is made directly from the apples, the usual method is to grind the fruit coarsely, cutting it up just sufficient to gain juice, and let the pomace remain in a vat for several days, long enough to undergo fermentation. Then press out and expose the juice in an open vat or vessel two or three days, after which draw it off into barrels or casks, and let it remain in a warm place, with the bungs out, until ready for drawing off and bottling or storing in close barrels.

To convert cider into vinegar requires considerable time. The cider is placed in casks or barrels, with the bungs out, and stored either in loft, out-house or similar spot warmed by the sun's rays, and kept at a right temperature by artificial heat.

When it is desired to hasten the conversion of cider into vinegar various expedients are resorted to. Sometimes a little old vinegar is added. Again the cider is moved to a higher temperature and poured from one barrel to another to bring it into contact with the air. Or it is placed where it will trickle through a cask filled with oak, beech or birch shavings, previously moistened in vinegar.

A method that had its origin in France, and which has been employed to some extent in this country, is as follows: Boiling vinegar is poured into old cider or vinegar barrels, the bungs closed and the barrels laid on their sides and rolled two or three times for a day or two until thoroughly saturated with the vinegar. After this preparation the barrels are filled about one-third full with strong and pure cider vinegar and two gallons of cider. Every eighth day thereafter two gallons of cider are added until the barrel is two-thirds full. In fourteen days after the last two gallons are added the whole will have turned into vinegar, one half which is drawn off and the process of filling with cider begun again. In summer the conversion will go on in the sun, but in cold weather the barrels must be kept where the heat can be maintained at about 80 degrees. By this process it takes a little more than two months to produce sixteen gallons of vinegar.

The best barrels are iron-bound whisky or old vinegar barrels. These should be left with the bungs out until the cider is fully made, that the air may come in contact with the cider. A piece of mosquito or wire netting should be placed over the bungs to keep out insects. It is not worth while to try and make vinegar from cider that is not pure. The addition of mustard seed, acid or other antiseptic will prevent cider from ever being vinegar.—N. Y. World.

## Sweetmeats.

It is not probable that sweetmeats will ever go out of fashion, and every year we question when a new genius will arise to add a new flavor, to compound or invent a new variety. There was a period, no doubt, when their number was far smaller than to-day, when mince-pies were an unknown quantity, frozen puddings and ices were nebulae in the brain of the inventor, when compotes and jams were yet to be evolved, when marmalade and civilization had not been introduced and preserves were in their infancy. To be sure the housekeeper of that age was not obliged to broil over the kitchen fire on a hot summer's day, ruin her complexion and endanger her digestion, prospective, putting up pear and peach and plum, only to be kept in a ferment herself as long as they lasted, lest they should spoil on her hands and become a reproach to her. Neither, on the other hand, could she imbibitor the existence of her unthrifty neighbors by the excellence of her preserves, the lucidity of her jelly. It is difficult to believe that the time ever existed when some kind of sweetmeat was not concocted to regale the guest; and what an armistice must have been when the housekeeper's failure to prepare the dainty of her ancestor resulted, as probably it sometimes did, in the discovery, not of a new continent, but of a new concoction! What a prestige it must have given her among her friends, and how the younger brood must have looked up to her as an authority on confections, and her contemporaries envied her good luck! The manufacture of sweetmeats is a druggety which is, however, no longer regarded as an accomplishment, since even Bridget has caught the knack. Nature seems to have been ransacked to fill the pot and jar with "luscious sweets;" it is not only the orchard fruits which give the sunshine in their pulp for this purpose, the strawberry which gathers in its delicate globe the sweetness and perfume of dewy summer mornings, but the clusters of the barberry have ripened for the preserve kettle, and on the shores of the Argyleshire lochs the berries of the fuchsia, which grows there in abundance, are cajoled into an agreeable compote; and is not rose-leaf conserve food fit for gods and poets? The one who plumes herself to-day upon her candied fruits and preserves has the large manufacturers and importers for rivals; and it is doubtful if they can be produced better or cheaper at home, if her labors and anxieties are not in the attempt. In the days when it was impossible to buy them, it was of course essential to devote time and thought to the task; for what is home without sweetmeats? But now she may surely turn her thoughts into sweeter channels, and use her leisure in loftier endeavor, when it is important that she should give her whole mind to the boiling and skimming of fruits in order to have a table well spread and a household well served.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## How Eels are Caught in the Delaware.

When the eel hunters reach their grounds, which are along the shores of the stream where the water is sufficiently shallow to permit the right of the jack to penetrate to the bottom, they leave the boat and enter the water. The man with the spear and the torch bearer take their positions one on each side of the bow, while their attendants push the boat slowly along up stream. The eels always hunt their prey close along the bottom of the stream, which is as plainly visible beneath the glare of the torch as the shores are at noonday. When an eel is discovered, which is at every few yards if the night is favorable, lack of dexterity on the part of the spearman alone will lose him, for he lies as still as a stick in the water, the working of his gills and his fins being the only sign that he is alive. The spear is three times and barbed, and fitted by means of a socket to a long hickory handle. When the eel is discovered the boat is stopped by a signal from the spearman. He lowers the spear cautiously into the water until it is within three or four inches of the eel, which he aims to strike a short distance back of the head. Then he launches it with a quick movement, and rarely misses his mark. The impaled eel is brought writhing to the surface and thrown into the boat. No matter how old a hand one may be at eel spearing, he will always experience painful suspense from the time an eel is sighted until the spear is thrown and he feels the well-defined "crunch" that tells him the shaft went true and the game is his. Crisp, starlight nights add zest to the sport, and so entrancing is it that one will not feel the chill of the water nor the nipping of a frosty September night until the night's hunting is over. A skillful party will capture in two or three hours' fishing from fifty to one hundred pounds of eels.

The set line has been a favorite mode of eel fishing along the Delaware River from time out of mind. The set line, as used years ago, was a small rope or heavy twine, long enough to reach from one shore to the other. At intervals of a few feet pieces of fish line, from three to five feet in length, called "snoods," are attached to the main line. The hooks used are large and strong and baited with young "lamper" eels, live minnows or larger fish cut into bait. The lamper is the favorite lure because of its tenacity and toughness. The young lampers are dug out of the sand along the river shore, and are found as deep as three feet below the surface. To properly fish with a set line the fisherman should remain with it all night, in order that he may go over it every hour or so, to remove the fish that may have hooked themselves, and to rebait hooks and keep the lines in order. Sometimes set-line fishermen build little bunks on the shore, covered with boards and well littered with straw, in which to snatch sleep during the waits. Usually, however, a large fire is built and kept up, around which the fishermen lie on the bare ground, "with no covering but the sky." There is a singular weirdness in a night spent in this way. Notwithstanding the roar of some swift "riff" in the river, and the constant voicing of the mysterious "peeper," there is a hush and a mournful silence in the surroundings that fills the novice, at least, with awe, and the relief with which he hails the coming of dawn is as the passing from him of a great burden.

A well-managed and cared-for set line will reward the fisherman with a large catch, not only of eels, but frequently of bass, perch or chubs. Once in a great while a lordly trout is cajoled into trying some of the tempting morsels offered by the set line, but not so frequently but that when it does happen it is town talk for days. A rainy night is best for set line fishing, but if there is thunder and lightning the line might as well be taken in. Eels will not hunt in a thunder-storm, but keep to their hiding places.

The days when "bobbin' for eels" was the prime amusement of those who loved sport for the sake of sport are now only a memory along the Delaware. It is largely indulged in still, but, with the exception of the irrepressible small boy, principally by those who fish more for profit than recreation. There is no doubt that on a proper night an expert fisherman with his bob may catch more eels than by any other style of fishing. A bob to be properly made should be made out of the toughest and largest earth worms that can be found. The worms, colloquially known as "night walkers," are the best. These are large, dark-colored worms, which can be found only at night in gardens where the ground is rich. In the day time their holes may be seen perforating the ground like a sieve. At nightfall the occupants make their appearance. They come out of the ground stealthily, and are so timid, and can seek their holes so quickly on being disturbed, that it requires an expert to catch them. It is not an uncommon thing to find these worms six and even eight inches long. A quarter of a pound of these strong on strong patent thread will make a "lure" that will not only tempt the most finical species of an eel, but one that will withstand the onslaughts of the ravenous prowler from nightfall until daylight. The "wad" of worms is fastened to the end of a stiff pole, and is lowered to the bottom of the water. The instant an eel seizes the bait an indescribable thrill is communicated to the fisherman. He draws the pole up slowly and steadily. The eel retains his hold, and so tenaciously that it requires only a steady hand and cool head on the part of the fisherman to lift him safely out of the water and into the boat. The writer has known a hundred pounds of eels to be taken on one bob by an expert fisherman.

While eels are still abundant in the Delaware, they are scarce to what they were twenty years ago. Eel weirs and eel pots have had their effect, even on this prolific denizen of the stream. The eels will soon begin their annual run to the ocean, and thousands upon thousands will fall victims to the weirs and pots that, in spite of the law, may be found in almost every rift.—*Milford (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—The Dundee (N. B.) *Advertiser* tells how a Mr. John Macdonald (farmer) & modern Samson, lately saved a cripple brother from injury by a bull by taking the animal by the horns, and, with one desperate wrench, breaking its neck.

## Pilgrimage to Mecca.

In view of the fact that the French Government is actually considering the expediency of occupying the Holy City of Mecca jointly with other civilized Powers, in the hope of so controlling the yearly pilgrimages thither as to prevent the engendering and spread of cholera epidemics, the New York *Times* notes some curious facts connected with this custom.

This pilgrimage belongs to the class of *Fard* or divine ordinances obligatory upon every Mohammedan once during life. None of either sex are exempted, unless by reason of extraordinary poverty; even a blind man is bound, if he has means, to hire a guide to take him to the Kaaba. Each one must take with him not only sufficient means for his journey, but also something for charity; and, moreover, he must, before his departure, leave his family sufficient means for support during his absence, which sometimes, even in these days of steamers and railroads, lasts a year. And so heinous is it considered to neglect this pilgrimage that the doctors at one time discussed the advisability of putting all to death who refrained from performing it.

On the other hand the Prophet has promised the following heavenly graces to all who piously make the journey:

"Whoever entereth Mecca shall depart therefrom pure as a new-born child."

"One prayer at Mecca is worth 100,000 prayers uttered elsewhere."

"One day of fast at Mecca shall be held worth a fast of 100,000 elsewhere."

"One almsgiving at Mecca to the amount of but one dirhem shall be recorded in Heaven as equal to alms of 100,000 dirhems."

"And each single good action there performed shall be held equal to 100,000 good deeds wrought elsewhere."

Furthermore it is believed that all who die in the neighborhood of Mecca, or even of Medina, shall dwell in Paradise, and that at the day of judgment the cemeteries of the pilgrims will be lifted up to Heaven. The Prophet himself said that from the two cemeteries of Mecca 70,000 dead will enter into Paradise without having to render an account to God, and that each of these may take with them into Heaven 70,000 dead; "their faces shall shine like the full moon."

The kissing of the Black Stone, which has two eyes and a tongue and will at the last day cry out to God the names of all who have not kissed it; the circuit of the Kaaba itself, built where angels pitched the tent of God before man was created, and whose gracious names signifies the rounded smoothness of a maiden's ankle; the pilgrimage to the well Zem-Zem created by God to slake the thirst of Ishmael after Haddira (Hagar) had run seven times from Sata to Merouan, in memory whereof pilgrims do still run seven times from one hill to the other; the casting of twenty-one stones at the hillock of Djemara-el-Akaba (entirely formed of stones thus thrown) in memory of the stones flung by Isaac at the Devil, together with other curious ceremonies, all performed with the same precision as inculcated by Mohammed himself during his last visit to the holy city.

## Boy Chemists.

"You have no idea of the number of boys who buy chemicals," said the clerk in charge of the retail department of a large chemist's supply store.

"When I came here first I used to wonder whence they got their ideas about chemistry. Just imagine a boy of twelve years coming in and asking for a quarter of a pound of chlorate of potash and ten cents worth of black oxide of manganese. That's what a boy bought just before you came in. I asked him what he intended doing with the chemicals, and he replied, 'Make oxygen gas.'"

"Why do the boys dabble in chemistry?" the reporter asked.

"They hear about it at school, where, in many instances, weekly lectures on physics are given. It is surprising how much the little fellows really know, and with what judgment they spend their money. They manufacture their own apparatus and display considerable ingenuity in doing it. The boy who was here just now will make his oxygen just as well as if he owned a most expensive retort. He will buy a clay pipe with a large bowl; then he will get a cork and fit it to the bowl. To the end of the pipette he will attach a piece of small rubber tubing. Then he will fill up the bowl of the pipe with a mixture of his manganese and potash and push the cork in tight. A wide-mouthed pickle bottle will serve him for a bell glass. He will fill the bottle with water and invert it in a basin of water. Then he will put the bowl of the pipe in the flame of an alcohol lamp and the free end of the rubber tube in the mouth of the bottle. The heat frees the oxygen gas from the chemicals, and it finds its way through the stem of the pipe and tubing into the bottle, which is soon filled. Then the boy can experiment with it with hot charcoal, or a piece of lighted candle, or whatever else strikes his fancy."

"What chemicals do they usually buy?"

"Mostly the cheaper kinds. They like to manufacture for themselves and consequently buy a good deal of acid. Nitric and sulphuric acid seem to please them most. They prefer to make their own hydro-chloric acid, which they manufacture from sulphuric acid and salt. They buy a good deal of sulphate of copper, which they use in making galvanic batteries. They also use considerable alcohol. Occasionally they buy a blow pipe for charcoal analysis. One little fellow who comes in here made a still out of glass tubing. It had a water jacket, and was complete in every way. It answers as well as one costing \$25 or \$30."

"Do they not sometimes burn themselves with the acids, or get injured by explosions?"

"Frequently. Only the other day the bottle in which one of them was making hydro-chloric acid burst. The boy's hands and face were burned. It was nothing serious, however. The saddest part of the affair was that the youthful experimenter was soundly whipped by his mother for spoiling the carpet, from which the acid took all the color."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—General Abe Sawyer, of Key West, Fla., claims to be the smallest dwarf in the world, being thirty-two inches high, nineteen years of age, and weighing only thirty-seven pounds.

—The late William Wirt Sikes, United States Consul at Cardiff, was a native of Watertown, N. Y., and at the age of sixteen was a temperance lecturer and editor of a local newspaper.

—William Squires, of Fagg's Manor, Pa., who is sixty-nine years of age, is the possessor of a back tooth, which he cut when he was sixty-six years of age. This is the only tooth that Mr. Squires is the owner of.

—The oldest practicing physician in New York is Dr. John Davidson, of Hempstead, L. I., who graduated in 1813, and now, at the age of ninety, numbers his patients by the hundred and prepares his own prescriptions in the good old style.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Oseola, the great Seminole chieftain, does not lie in a neglected grave in Fort Moultrie's ruins, as some sentimentalists have been wallowing. His bones were long since removed to a Charleston cemetery, and a monument rises over them, while only the tombstone remains in the fort.—*Detroit Post.*

—John Teemer, the young carver who recently achieved the distinction of winning a race in which Edward Hanlan was his competitor, is a native of Pennsylvania, nineteen years old. He is tall, straight, square-shouldered, with large dark eyes, and weighs 155 pounds when he rows.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Celia Thaxter, the poetess, was the daughter of Thomas B. Leighton, who lived on the Isle of Shoals. "One summer young Thaxter, an invalid, came to the island and loved the seaside lass. Her father ordered him away, but he built a hut near by and declared he would live there until his sweetheart was of age. Finally the stern father relented."—*Chicago Times.*

—Milton Hay, who was a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, among other things, says of him now: "I never saw a man with less instinct for commerce or gain by barter, or any of the usual methods to get rich. He knew nothing about them. That is, perhaps why he had such a happy temperament. He trusted Providence and did what came along."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Alfred F. Chapman, who has been chosen at Denver as General High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, is a resident of Boston. He has been Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of those States. He is also editor and publisher of the *Liberal Freeman*, issued monthly at Boston.

—Clara Louise Kellogg has returned to America, and been warmly received. She has been interviewed, of course, and told the reporter that she had never sung "Yankee Doodle." She was asked if she met Mrs. Langtry in England, and icily responded: "No. The nearest I came to it was meeting a gentleman who saw her in a shop in London." The singer and beauty do not seem to be very intimate.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A pawnbroker may be bad but there are generally some redeeming features about him.

—It is strange that whenever some young ladies begin to play on the piano many of the audience commence to talk. One touch of discord makes the whole party chime.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

—What a happy way of putting things the real poet has! Now, Burns, instead of saying, "Beware of pickpockets!" expresses the same idea by "A chieft's among you takin' notes."—*Boston Courier.*

—"I watched the billows by day, I watched the sea by night," says a current poet. He should engage himself as a hotel clerk at the seashore, where he could watch the bill-owes all the time.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Uncle—"Now, what would you say if I gave you a shilling apiece?" Master Jack—"I'd rather you gave mine to sis, Uncle, and told her to buy me a shilling cannon, as pa said the first money I got should go for that window I broke."—*London Fun.*

—Dibbin had a horse which he called "Graphy." "Very odd name said a friend. 'Not at all,' responded Tom; 'when I bought him it was Buy-o-Graphy; when I mout him it's Top-o-Graphy; and when I want him to go it's Gee-ho-Graphy.'"—*Somerville Journal.*

—During a disturbance in the gallery of a theater the excited crowd were on the point of "throwing over" one of the principal offenders into the parquet beneath, regardless of consequences. Observing the extravagant tendency, an Irishman of utilitarian views arose in his seat, and roared out: "Sh! Don't waste him! Kill a fiddler with him!"—*Chicago Herald.*

—At a school examination a clergyman was decanting on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school room and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

—Plantation philosophy: De man what would abuse a enemy when he is in trouble would not be 'p a frien' in distress. De sensible man sometimes reads de foolish book, but de foolish man neber reads de sensible book. In de spring nature smiles; in de summer she frowns; in de fall she sighs, an' in de winter she slaps yer. It ain't de brave man dat will alers fight when yer calls him a liar, fur de brave man can stan' more dan de coward. De man what tells lies fur de 'musement ob de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what lies ter make hisse'f 'portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

—Canada's cheese king is D. M. McPherson, Lancaster, Ont., who controls no less than sixty-four cheese factories, capable of turning out from twenty-two to twenty-five thousand boxes per month.



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.  
BRUCE CHAMP, EDITOR  
BOURBON NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
One year in advance, - - - \$2.00  
Six months in advance, - - - 1.00  
[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

FOR PRESIDENT,  
That uncrowned King of every Democratic heart,  
**SAMUEL J. TILDEN.**

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation,  
**THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.**

ANNOUNCEMENT.  
Richard Hale, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

FRANK STAMPSON refused to wrestle with Sam Hager at Nashville, and was fatally stabbed by Hager.

WM. DIVER, a deaf mute, at Iowa Station, Ia., failing in an attempt to kill his sister-in-law, cut his own throat.

CRAFT's mother and brother are imploring the Governor to postpone the hanging until after Ellis' trial.

BEN BUTLER says he never took a cold in his life. The New Orleans people think that is about the only thing he would not take.

PENNSYLVANIA slate manufacturers have suspended operations for a time, but the politicians go right along making slates as usual.

EVERY thing in male attire is getting ready to vote next Tuesday, at the Ohio State election. The scare-crows will even be brought into requisition.

WHILE engaged at Dallas, Texas, in a dispute as to the existence of a God, Henry Shanks stabbed Adam Weimer to the heart and escaped arrest.

IN the Iowa fight, first blood is claimed for the Democrats. Mr. Sherman, the Republican candidate, fell down stairs, the other day, and skinned his nose.

JUDGE HODLEY has returned to the stump in Ohio, and is getting in good work. The outlook is pretty good all over the State, save in Cincinnati.

THE St. Louis fair is now in progress. Frank James and the Ford boys should occupy a conspicuous place in the department devoted to Missouri products.

A WORK of thrilling interest is just now being issued by the Government printing establishment. It is a list of the 300,000 persons whose names are on the pension rolls. It will comprise seven large volumes will cost no end of money to print.

THE green ink in our national currency is heavily charged with arsenic, and in wetting the fingers to count the sticky bills, and then rubbing the face with the fingers one is liable to blood poisoning. So far, there are fewer editors poisoned than any other class, from that cause.

MEN who fail to vote intelligently and according to the dictates of their consciences, but who barter their votes for past or future favors, are the men who are most to be held responsible for this country's ills. These are the men who bar the most on the short-comings of the law.

SENATOR PENDLETON keeps right along with his democratic speeches, just as though he hadn't been read out of the party by Johnnie McLean. Which reminds us of the man who remarked to a fellow who threatened him with a pistol: "Look here, sir, if you hit me with that and I find it out, there'll be trouble."

IT is said that General Grant looks with decided disfavor upon the Republicans alliance with the Mahone repudiators in Virginia. If he thought an alliance with that or any other gang would win, he'd favor it; he would even favor an alliance with a lot of wild orang-outangs.

SAM ROGERS, held for murder by the officers of Robertson county, was at Millersburg Tuesday, under guard of the sheriff, summoning witnesses to appear at his examination at Mt. Olivet next week. No one questions Mr. Rogers' ability to give bond for a million dollars, perhaps, if it was required, nor will we here argue the question of his guilt, or innocence; but we do ask if there be such a case on record in the annals of the Republic of America, where a precedent of like character in positive violation of the law was ever established? We put the question to all the States in the Union, and pause for a reply. Is it ignorance of the law, or is it mere flunkeyism, because the prisoner is rich, that the law should be rendered inefficient and officers derelict of their duty? Certainly if a poor black man, or even a poor white man, whether he be an Irishman or American, no such favors would have been granted him under those, or any other circumstances.

Indeed, flunkeyism is becoming unbearable in law, religion, society and even journalism—yes, journalism! There are papers that will flunkey to any society, clique or clan and turn up their noses at honest worth wherever it be found unaccompanied by money.

## MILLERSBURG.

See Mrs. Smith's millinery advertisement.

Methodist Social to-morrow night at the parsonage.

We have had several good rains recently—Praise the Lord.

Frank Herbert has some tobacco whose leaves measure 37x20 inches.

There is talk of the flying-go-peculiar returning here. Oh, Lordy, do not let it come!

Postmaster R. B. Boulden has moved into the residence recently vacated by Mrs. Bent.

Nick Worthington and brother are very ill with malarial fever—the former, dangerously.

John Allen, son of Sam Allen, died at Hooktown, Sunday, of malarial fever, at 23 years of age.

Harmon Stitt is now the authorized correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer, at this point.

Jeff Vimont sold 36 grade heifers Wednesday, for \$1,800. Hickory Hill Stock Farm is looking up big.

Billy Payne has sold his new crop of tobacco to Collier & Roberts at 15 cents, and other have sold at good figures.

Charlie Clark offered thirty hogsheads of tobacco in the Cincinnati market this week, and rejected the bids on all but one.

This department has looked over a good many little villainies in the past, the likes of which will be shown up in the future.

The premium pin cushion of the Paris fair—property of Miss Nannie Miller, is on exhibition at Mac Miller's drug store, which is to be raffled.

Billy Collins has an old rooster which ate 17 mice in one day. Some of them were alive when given him, but he killed and ate them greedily.

Miss Minnie Moore, who has been on a little visit since June, has returned to Cincinnati to make a little visit before returning home to Covington.

Our new marshal had a seal brown taste in his mouth Monday night, but on Tuesday night he lit the lamps and has sworn that they shall burn and be protected.

Charlie Clark's horse "George" started with the rockaway from home alone to go to the train to meet Charlie, but was met by a friend and taken back home. That horse is invaluable.

Mrs. Lan Brady and Belle Armstrong have gone to Cincinnati; Miss Della McClintock to St. Louis; Miss Nannie Miller, Johnnie McClintock and Harry Boulden to Louisville.

Mac Miller has purchased the Tom Purnell property opposite the Female College, for \$1,200, and will proceed to erect a new dwelling next Spring. Purnell paid \$700 for it three years ago.

Mrs. S. J. Turney, of Paris, got choked on a piece of chicken while visiting friends down here recently, and it was three days before it could be dislodged from her throat.

The skating rink opened here Wednesday night, with a good trade. It will be opened for business on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week. Admission, 10 cents; skaters 15 cents additional.

W. B. Hays and Louis Anderson, col'd of this place, will run an excursion from Carlisle to Winchester, on Sunday Oct. 14, for the benefit of those desiring to attend the Colored Methodist Conference. Round-trip fare from this place, \$1.25.

Charlie and John Brown and Jesse Payne who went to Florida, Tuesday, will erect a residence for John Bedford. Dr. Charlie will find lots of "pure sweet sunshine" and pure sweet alligators in that land of great peculiarities.

One of the \$10,000 widows remarked after reading a recent number of the News, that "she thanked God that she hadn't stopped her paper." She can tell that to the marines, but not to one who knows better. It wouldn't look so bad for poor widows to always borrow papers if they didn't squander so much money on dress, religion and high carnival generally.

Sam Rogers, Sr., the slayer of his brother, was in town Tuesday, under the guard of the sheriff, and Willie Dorsey, having some witnesses summoned for his defense. This is probably the only case on record where a man held for murder, being allowed to go over the country after witnesses—and out of his county at that. This indicates a very slipshod way of the officers of the county have of doing business. What are the sheriffs and constables for, if not to attend to such business? The officers of Robertson county, and should be impeached for not doing their duty.

"B'ER WOLFE."

SERG. BATES and his son will leave Chicago Monday for Atlanta, carrying the American flag. The father will make speeches on the way, and the son will perform the religious part of the ceremonies by taking up collections.

"Women's Health Journal"  
Contains valuable information on the diseases of women ONLY. Published by LADY PHYSICIANS who have made these peculiar weaknesses of the sex their sole study for years. It gives the causes, symptoms, and a sure home treatment for Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Indigestion and Ulceration of the womb and all displacements. Leucorrhoea or Whites, Irregular, suppressed or painful Menstruation, Flooding, Sick and Nervous Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Weakness in Back and stomach, Scrofula, Pains in Side, Dizziness, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness, Nervous Prostration, Depression of Spirits, General Debility of Women and change of life. Sent on receipt of six cents in stamps. Address, Dr. Rush's Medical Association, Nunda, New York.

## FOR RENT.

FOUR good rooms and large attic over my Confectionery. Suitable for dress-making or millinery establishment, or a small family. Apply to JOHN GNADINGER.

## NEW MILLINERY SHOP

MRS. DR. J. B. SMITH, Millersburg, Ky., has received a fine line of millinery goods and will constantly add all new features of the business as the season advances. The goods are new, pretty and cheap. Prices reasonable.  
Mrs. Katie Davises presides as trimmer, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed. Call early and often.

## OPERA HOUSE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY! ONE NIGHT ONLY!!

TUESDAY, Oct. 9

COLTON & HUNTINGTON'S COMBINATION,

"In the greatest of American Dramas,"

"KENTUCKY."

HARRY COLTON,  
WRIGHT HUNTINGTON

Miss ANNIE WARD TIFFANY,  
Supported by a strictly first-class company.

ADMISSION, 50 and 75 cents. Reserved seats at Brooks & Lyman's without extra charge.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

I desire to sell at private sale, my residence at Shawhan's, Bourbon county, (late property of Richard Hale), and my lot where the store recently burned from. The residence is an elegant frame cottage of the latest improved plan and is in No. 1 repair; good garden and yard, and is well watered. The store-lot has a good foundation on which to build, and is a splendid stand for a country store. I sold \$2,000 worth of goods at the stand in eleven months. For full particulars, address the undersigned.  
A. M. KELLER,  
Shawhan, Ky.

## Public Renting

— OF —  
Bourbon Fair Grounds.

On SATURDAY, Oct. 13th, 1883,

we will, at the Court-house door, in Paris, rent to the highest and best bidder, the grounds of the Bourbon County Agricultural Society, from that day until January 1st, '84. There are three new stables with twelve box stalls each, good trotting track, plenty of water, plenty of good grass, and a large number of other improvements. Terms given on day of renting, or before, on application to the undersigned committee.  
J. H. HINTON,  
E. F. CLARK.

## GRATES TO SET!

I am prepared to do all job work, such as setting grates, mantels, etc., and will guarantee perfect satisfaction or no pay.  
2sep-2t ROBT. S. RANDELL.

## 125 Registered Jerseys

AT

## PUBLIC SALE!

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Oct. 10 & 11, we will sell at Messrs. Treacy & Wilson's stable, Lexington, Ky., commencing at 1 o'clock promptly on Wednesday, and 10 o'clock on Thursday.

## 125 Registered Jersey Cattle

120 females and 5 bulls, from such noted families as the Commaisses, Signals, St. Heliers, Pierrots, Rajahs, Alphas, Rexs, Duke 76, etc. Of bulls, we will sell the inbred Signal bull Jessup and three grand young young Commaisse bulls, and a son of the great \$10,000 bull Pedro. The cows and heifers are a very choice lot, among them, eight well-bred Royal, several imported heifers, daughter of Duke 76, a daughter of Imp. Count St. George, a daughter of Le Broog's Prize, two grand-daughters of Polonius, several grand-daughters of the great Commaisse bull Catano, a daughter of Almah of Oakland, record 15 pounds and 14 ounces in seven days, a daughter of Pearl Armstrong, record 21 pounds and one ounce, a grand-daughter of St. Helier, etc., etc.

Every animal pledged to positive sale without reserve or protection.

TERMS CASH, or satisfactory note with interest.

For catalogues address R. McMichael, Lexington, Ky., who contributed 15 head, or to ALEX. MCCLINTOCK & SON, Louisville, Ky.

COL. R. E. EDMONSON, Auctioneer.

CAPT. P. C. KIDD.

## HEART DISEASE

CURED BY

## Dr. Rush's Regulator,

FOR HEART TROUBLES.

Wm. G. Osgoodby, the well-known safe manufacturer of Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Newark and Atlanta, Ga., says: Office of Osgoodby's Improved Safes, 17 S. Broad street, ATLANTA, GA., October 17th, 1881. Dr. Rush's Medical Association: Dear Doctors.—The three bottles of "Dr. Rush's Regulator" I ordered were received by express last week. I have taken nearly one bottle and am thoroughly satisfied with the result. For over two years I have been troubled with rheumatism at my heart, a physician, upon examination, pronounced it enlargement of the heart, and was unable to give me any relief. The trouble grew worse until I had become convinced that it could not be cured. While in New York City, last week, I called upon one of the most prominent physicians there, who recommended your "Regulator." Knowing you to be a regular Medical Association, and not a patent medicine scheme, I ordered the three bottles. I have not been troubled since I commenced taking it, but shall continue and take the entire three bottles so as to obtain a permanent cure. You have my sincere thanks. I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,  
WM. G. OSGOODBY.

## Dr. Rush's "Regulator"

has never failed to give relief. It has been used successfully for years in subduing the most stubborn cases of heart difficulties. Positive cure for Enlargement, Palpitation, Fluttering and Fatty Degeneration of the heart. Price, \$1.00 per bottle; six for \$5. Sold by druggists, or sent direct by Dr. Rush's Medical Association, Nunda, N. Y., U. S. A.

## To Whom It May Concern!

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have filed in the Bourbon Circuit Court their joint petition, praying the said Court to empower the undersigned, H. A. Duvall, to use, enjoy, sell and convey, for her own benefit, any property she may own or acquire, free from the claims and debts of her husband, to make contracts and sue and be sued as a single woman, to trade in her own name, and dispose of her property by will or by deed; and notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on Friday, October 19th, 1883, being the 5th day of the October Term of said Bourbon Circuit Court, move the said Court to grant the prayer of said joint petition.  
THOS. S. DUVALL,  
H. A. DUVALL, sep25-4t  
OFFUTT & FORD, Attorneys.

## HENRY DAUM,

Fashionable Barber

OFF, ODD FELLOWS HALL, PA., KY.

"KIMMY" KIMBROUGH, JAS. S. HOFF

## KIMBROUGH HOVSE,

CARLISLE, KY.

KIMBROUGH & HUFF, Prop'rs.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms on first floor for commercial men. Baggage transferred to and from the depot free of charge.

H. E. BOSWELL. W. H. BOSWELL.

## ASHLANDHOUSE,

LEXINGTON, KY.

H. E. BOSWELL & SON, Prop'rs.

Centrally located, on Short street, near the Post-office. Rates, \$2 per day.

## Walnut and Cherry Logs.

Will pay cash for logs ten, twelve and and fourteen feet long. Must be straight and clear of bad defects, and not less than eighteen inches in diameter.  
apr-6m J. M. THOMAS.

## PARIS PLANING MILLS.

GEO. B. MINTER, - - MANAGER.

SOLICIT orders for Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding, Brackets, Finish Timber and Prepared carpentry. Will not contract the erection of houses.  
Orders for lumber or mill-work may be sent per telephone from Overby & Co.'s office on Bank Row.  
J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.

## POOR-HOUSE KEEPER

WANTED!

NOTICE is hereby given that bids will be received by the undersigned Committee, for keeper of the Bourbon County Poor-House for the year beginning March 1, 1884 and ending March 1, 1885. All bids will be sent to the committee in care of Judge Turney, at Paris, Ky., and must be accompanied by satisfactory reference as to character and ability.  
JAMES N. STONE, }  
J. M. BARLOW, } Com.  
N. A. JAMESON, }

## HOTEL FOR SALE.

HAVING DETERMINED TO MIGRATE to Texas, I will offer at private sale, the BOURBON HOUSE, the principal hotel property of Paris. The house is large, roomy and located in the old and business portion of the city, and has a fine paying trade. Will sell the house and fixtures at a bargain. For full particulars, call on address HENRY TURNER, Proprietor.

## PROFESSIONAL.

HAVING severed my connection with Prof. Sanders' school, I will hereafter give my undivided attention to my private pupils. To those desiring my professional services, I pledge my utmost exertions for the advancement of those entrusted to my care.  
A. M. GUTZERT.

## Jno. T. HINTON,

UNDERTAKER

—AND—  
Furniture Dealer.

A full line of furniture, coffins, burial suits, carpets, bracket pictures, window hangings, etc., constantly on hand, and will be sold to compete with Cincinnati prices.

## Tired of Booming Backwards

And have determined to build one of the best Roller Mills in the United States (capacity 150 barrels), with all the recent improvements in the art of milling. I have now 12 months' experience of the very first class mills in the country and been corresponding with some of the first class millwrights in the United States, and after thorough going myself and with God's blessing and never tiring energy hope to boom ahead in the milling business my long past experience in milling and other various kinds of machinery. I think warrants me in saying no mill shall surpass the Paris Mills in making good flour as is made in America (mill will likely be stopped from two months to 10 weeks, in the meantime stock we have on hand and supplies I will purchase from the very first class mills I will supply my customers as usual. (No use looking elsewhere we will furnish you.) Will also exchange mill products for wheat and corn.  
Ever Kindly and Respectfully Yours,  
WM. SHAW.  
Paris Mills, Sep. 28th, 1883.

## SCHOLARS WANTED

— IN —

## MUSIC AND PAINTING.

MRS. MILLIE N. LONG, Paris, Ky., respectfully solicits orders for Crayon Portraits, which she is now making a specialty of, and is rendering entire satisfaction. Also, will teach a limited number of scholars in Crayon and Oil Painting, and in Music. Residence on Main Cross street, near Freight depot.  
14sep-1m

## ANTHRACITE COAL.

JUST received a car of fresh mined Anthracite coal for sale at a low price than usual. [2sep-3t] W. F. SPEARS.

## J. L. TAYLOR & CO.,

## THE CLOTHIERS.

## LARGEST STOCK!

## LOWEST PRICES!

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Hats, Furnishing Goods and Trunks a Specialty.

## NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

## NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME—yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS; DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,  
PARIS, KY.

## AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of

COATS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest

bargain of your life, call and examine our goods

and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME

AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

## THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Stove and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.

Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

## MILLIGAN & PERRY.

WILLS' WORLD WORM CANDY,

The most delightful worm remedy on the market. Old reliable medicine put in nicely flavored sticks of candy, that children take with pleasure. Sold by all drug and country stores. Ask for it and save it a trial. Warranted pure.

JAMES K. DAVIS. GARRETT DAVIS

## DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.)

Are now daily receiving importations of a very

elegant line of Fall Cassimeres, Dude Cloths, Cheviots, &c., all of which are of the newest and

nobbiest styles.

Having never made a misfit in all of our past Spring and Summer trade, we need not fear guaranteeing entire satisfaction on that score.

Call and see us; we'll not only suit exactly in an outfit, but we'll save you money.